

# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered.  
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1863, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.  
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy,"

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



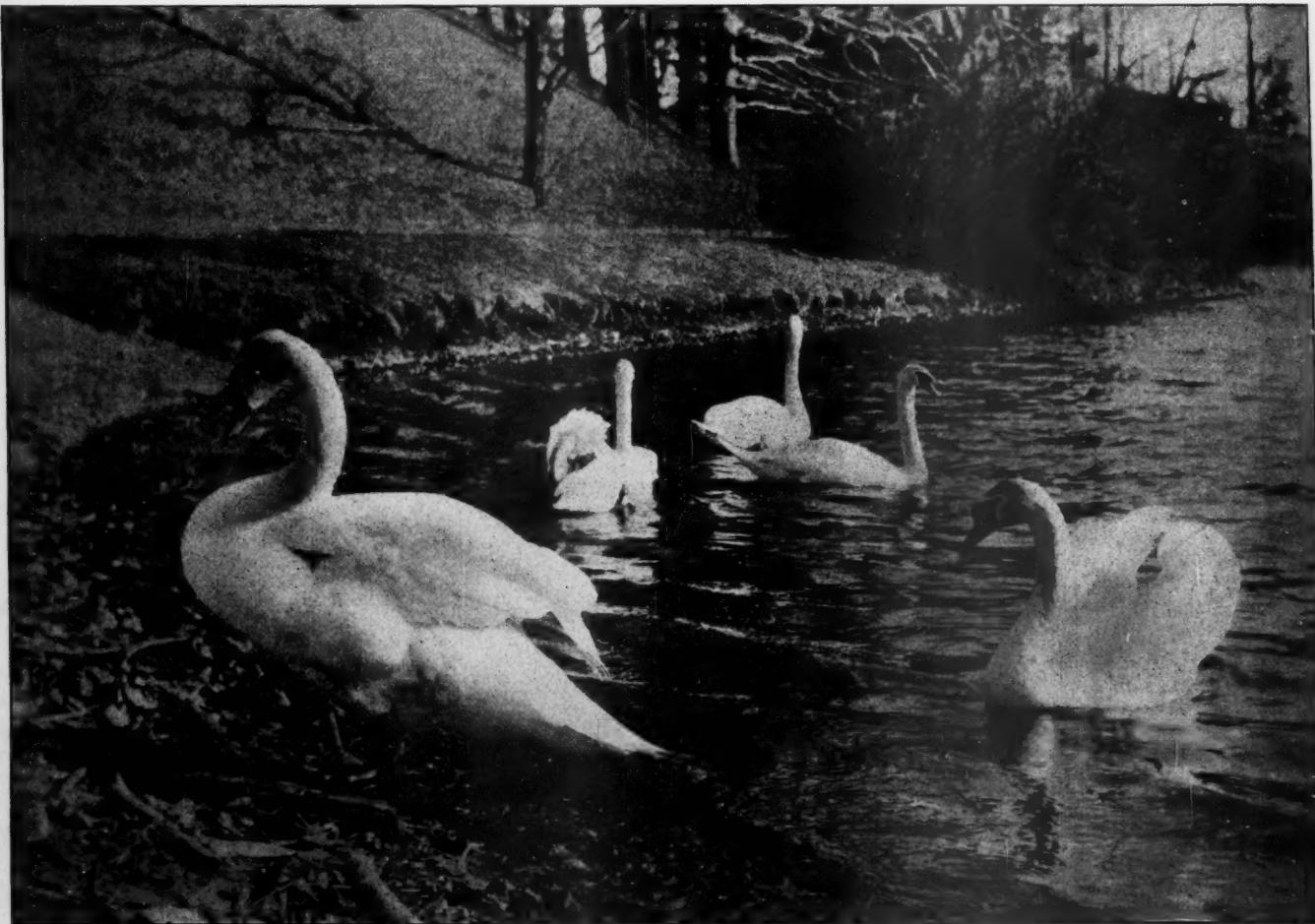
CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 1



SWANS ON JAMAICA POND, BOSTON

## PEACE, PATRIOTISM, PROGRESS

Not a single Dreadnaught, not another battleship, is the universal voice of every peace-loving, war-hating patriot who loves law and order and justice. No battleship with its cruel messengers of death ever advanced any good cause, any humane mission, on any sea or on any shore around the world. Peace is constructive; war is destructive. Peace is love; war is hate. Peace is quiet and repose; war is hell and uproar. Our mission is to make plain the paths of peace, and not equip more dogs of war to rend them.

(From Speech of GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, March 26, 1910.)

## MENACE OF MILITARISM

"Peace in military mouths today," says William James, "is a synonym for 'war expected'." Paradoxical as this statement may seem its verification is not difficult. The recent words of Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., are convincing:

How many realize the dominance in our day of the war spirit, disguised in the cloak of a peace measure! The preparation of engines of destruction and the maintenance of great standing armies and navies are said to be preventives of conflict and therefore justifiable. While we build a peace palace at The Hague for arbitration, we are constructing battleships, the cost of one of which might build a hundred such peace palaces! The Peace Society of New York City has been sending forth its solemn trumpet-blast to call attention to the contrast between peace expenditure and war expenditure, urging the public to scrutinize with great care the proposed appropriations for army and navy, not only in the interest of economy but of humanity.

The eight years' increase in such military appropriations has cost the American people over one thousand millions of dollars! The average cost of army and navy for the eight years preceding the Spanish war (1890-1898) was \$51,500,000; for the eight following (1902-1910), \$185,400,000; average annual increase in the latter decade, as compared with the former, \$134,000,000; and a total increase in eight years of \$1,072,000,000, or 360 per cent!

This eight-year increase is shown to exceed the national debt by \$158,000,000; the entire United States budget for 1910; to be three times the estimated cost of the Panama Canal; to suffice to exterminate tuberculosis within a reasonable period; or distribute to every family over a dollar a week. Such a sum as marks one year's increase could double the entire gifts to charities and public benefactions. The expenditures the next twelve months will, however, be greater than even this year, and what is called "an armed peace" is getting enormously more costly than even destructive wars.

The cost of building and repairing one battleship, for its life from dockyard to rubbish heap, could pay for building 1,400 churches at \$20,000 each; fifty such would suffice to give a dollar's worth of religious literature to every human being. Comparisons, however, only hint at the enormous amount of money sunk in this craze for more battleships. The very competition makes them out of date almost before their completion. Destructive invention so improves upon their design that they are sometimes practically useless soon after being launched; what seems perfect when planned becomes defective when manned; and so, while the world perishes for lack of bread, we go on devising schemes and instruments of death for dealing out bullets and balls by the wholesale; and instead of priding ourselves on the righteousness which exalteth a nation, we boast of the impregnability of our defenses and the destructiveness of our weapons of war! And this is progress!

"Blessed are the Peacemakers."

For Our Dumb Animals by R. B. THOMPSON

## HORRORS OF TRAPPING IN THE FUR TRADE

## Plea for Invention of Humane Traps and Laws Enforcing Their Use

If the women of America generally knew how much animal suffering is occasioned by their desire to wear furs, this kind of winter apparel would lose much of its attractiveness to many of them.

During the long bitter-cold winters in the northern woods there are enacted many silent tragedies, in which the little fur-bearing animals play an unwilling but important role. Trapping is an occupation which has been followed for centuries, but not until the introduction of that cruel monstrosity, the steel trap, was it responsible for so much animal suffering. As a means of catching the much-desired animals it has, however, been a great success, for it is easily concealed under the snow or a handful of leaves or just under the surface of the water and it holds the victim of its merciless grip with a tenacity that never weakens. Only occasionally, when the instinct of self-preservation seems more keenly developed, is escape made possible by the gnawing away of a foot or tail, the little victim hobbling away only to be captured again, perhaps.

## Indians More Humane Than White Men

The Indians, cruel as they are reputed to have been, were more humane in their mode of capturing animals, for they usually snared them in a manner involving no physical suffering or used deadfalls, which killed instantly. But these methods were too cumbersome for the white man and not as certain as he desired, so the steel trap was invented. Death, if ever due to the steel trap, comes only after days of suffering and complete exhaustion, for it is one of the unfortunate features of the trapping business that the men who watch the traps can visit them only about once a week. They frequently find the animals caught in these traps still alive, their captive foot swollen to twice its normal size and the evidences of intense suffering many. Of course the animals are then quickly dispatched, but that does not make amends for the brutality of the long wait.

So common is the steel trap, however, that it is in very general use throughout the trapping regions and on many a farm, where it is used to catch rats and other animal pests. To arouse sentiment against it will be no small undertaking and one quite as difficult, indeed, as that of arousing the public attention to the unnecessary slaughter of birds for their plumage.

Furs, unlike the decorative plumage of birds, seem in many instances almost necessary, for unquestionably they afford the warmest kind of clothing known for the severe winter months. But surely the pelts may be secured without the inhumanities to which attention has just been called. Traps that will either kill instantly or hold the animals in a painless manner should be used and their use should be enforced by law. It would be a sad commentary on American inventive genius to say that such traps cannot be made. Let there be a general demand for them and some manufacturer would promptly meet it.

## Public Opinion Must Be Aroused

This cruel business will never be regulated by law, however, until there is an aroused public opinion demanding greater humanity and to this end the American Humane Education Society and kindred organizations could do very effective work. School teachers could also accomplish much in directing the attention of the children to the fact that all unnecessary suffering should be prevented. The press, which has performed such signal service in arousing the widespread protest at the slaughter of our beautiful birds, should also be enlisted in the campaign against the inhumanities of the trapping industry. Several

prominent American publications have already referred to this needless torture and have appealed, at least by inference, to the women of America to demand that their fur collarets, muffs, stoles, and coats be the product of humane methods. They, in the final analysis, are the ones who must bear the responsibility of a large share of this tragedy of the north woods. If they could only realize the horror of it as those who have made the rounds of the traps and have seen the little frightened, pain-inflamed eyes turned half fearing, half beseechingly toward them realize it, the demand for furs would be tempered somewhat by the instincts of mercy.

## HAWK CARRIES TRAP THREE YEARS

In a recent issue of the *Sportsman's Review*, a San Francisco writer tells this story:

Queer things often happen in the great bird world. More than three years ago a farmer living in Shasta county, California, set out a number of small steel traps to catch gophers that were playing havoc with his carrot crops. One day while looking after these traps, the rancher chanced to see a very big yellow hawk swoop down on one of the traps. The bird was caught sure enough, and while it was struggling to free itself from the trap, the slender wire chain was torn from the fastening, and away the hawk flew, carrying with it the trap and chain, both dangling to the left foot.

The farmer just considered that he had lost both his trap and chain, and gave no further thought to the little incident. However, very recently a farmer living in Sacramento county, more than 300 miles from where the rancher had lost his trap, shot and killed a very large yellow hawk recently that was after some of his chickens. Securely attached to this hawk's left leg was a No. 3 steel trap and more than a yard of small chain. Beyond all doubt this was the very same bird that had carried off the other rancher's trap three years before.

All around the sharp teeth of the trap a large fleshy callous place had grown, making quite a big lump. This excrescence had rendered the hawk's left talon perfectly helpless and useless in capturing its prey.

But with all the painful sufferings of the bird through three years, and its crippled condition, this hawk had managed to secure its prey, and live about the same as any other predatory feathered creature. The farmer had doubtless performed an act of mercy in placing the bird out of its sufferings.

For Our Dumb Animals

## THE TROUT

They leap in the dusk of the beautiful stream  
That flows in the forest way;  
They dart in the eddy and shine in the shallow;  
They flash like a beam of day.  
They bound where the fall is pouring its flood  
And rushing on to the gloom;  
Oh, they go like a shaft from a quiv'ring waft  
Down, down where the waters boom.

They've caught the silver of birches that stand  
Uplifting roofs of green;  
They've caught the fall, through the leafy wall,  
Of the sunshine's royal sheen.  
And down to the depths of the waters dusk,  
Where only the shadows are,  
They go in a gleam, like a meteor beam;  
They fall like a flashing star.

And there, where the cliff is lifting up  
To meet the bending sky,  
And a music sobes as the wild wind throbs  
In the pines so dark and high;  
Oh, there in the pool that curls and croons  
As the calling sea it hears;  
Oh, there they flash, and leap and splash  
On, on through the sunlit years.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,  
North Orange, Mass.

# Our Dumb Animals

3

## THE COWS

Into the barn at the close of day  
The mild-eyed cattle come, one by one;  
Soberly into the stalls they stray  
Munching their cuds, at the set of sun.

Bess and Daisy stand close beside  
Switching their tails in a friendly way;  
Molly and Susan with quiet pride  
Into their stanchions at random stray.

Maud and Nancy in awkward haste  
Stumble in turn through the wide barn door;  
Wandering Gipsy is homeward chased,  
The last to blunder across the floor.

Swish, swish, swish, into waiting pails,  
In rhythmic motion of hands well skilled,  
Splashes the milk, while the nervous tails  
Flap and flop till the pails are filled.

Then quiet reigns and the cattle rest;  
Through the dark the barn rat roams unawed,  
All undisturbed in its midnight quest  
By Bess or Daisy or mild-eyed Maud.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON in *Farm Journal*.

For Our Dumb Animals

## "COMET"

**C**"COMET" was a pet calf who received his name because of a queer shaped spot in his forehead. When he was a yearling he had a great propensity for getting through fences, and because of his mischievous tricks, he was sold to a stock buyer, who shipped him west.

After the terror and weariness of the long journey, hot, hungry, and oh, so thirsty, he arrived at the end of the railroad and was driven to the range where he was to find his living. Tired and stiff from the journey he, with his miserable companions, was driven into a corral. He hoped this might mean food, but no, suddenly a noose tightened about his neck and as he struggled to get his breath, other ropes caught his legs and he was thrown violently to the ground and held there while a cowboy pressed a large red-hot iron deep into his quivering flesh and cut notches in his ears.

After this they were turned out to pick their living, but it was some time before the frightened homesick creatures, tortured by the pain of their brands, could find enough to satisfy their hunger.

Days went on and Comet learned the lessons of the range. He knew enough to avoid cactus, Spanish bayonet, and poison weed, and never stepped in a prairie dog's hole. He shunned rattlesnakes and wolves. He drank sparingly of alkali water and controlled himself from rushing madly down the steep bank when they reached the sweet water of the snow fed streams. Comet had seen many of his comrades die and he had grown wise.

But now winter was at hand. One day, with a fierce gale and biting cold, the snow came. Hungry and chilled the cattle were driven before the storm. When it ceased they learned to paw the snow from the dead grass and gain a miserable sustenance. Other storms came and colder weather. The ponds were frozen. Many of the cattle, weak from fighting the twin demons of famine and cold, succumbed to the third and most dreadful foe, thirst. Day after day they suffered until the coming of the spring. Thanks to Comet's strength and activity, he was one of the survivors.

During the next summer the feed was good and Comet thrived so well that he became the leader of the herd after many a hard-fought battle.

The next winter was a severe one. Storm after storm piled the prairies high with drifts and it was with difficulty that the cattle could wander about, to say nothing of finding food or drink. At last there came a three days' blizzard. Comet led his herd before the wind, gallantly breaking a track for them.



GUERNSEY CALVES AT WHITE SPRINGS FARMS, GENEVA, N. Y.

The cattle, already pitifully thin and weak from hunger, struggled through the drifts. The blood was thick in their veins from lack of water and soon congealed with cold as they fell in the drifts. At length they were but a few miles from the foothills, where they might at least find some shelter. But what has stopped them? A barbed wire fence which marks the limit of their range. The cattle bunched against it, lowing piteously in their death wail. Through the long night they huddled there. Hour by hour their ranks were thinned as the weaker ones fell and were trampled by the others. Morning came and with it the sunshine. As its rays lit up the distant landscape, Comet saw the foothills with their clumps of evergreens. The sight aroused him to make one more effort. He remembered the tricks of his calfhood and slowly crawled through the fence. Staggering painfully along, by late afternoon he reached the hills and found a little canon where a spring-fed stream bade defiance to winter. With frantic eagerness he rushed to the water and drank long draughts. When his thirst was satisfied he looked about for something to eat and was fortunate enough to find dead grass in the lea of the rocks. After a few days he grew strong enough to notice the fact that he was alone. Impelled by his loneliness he returned to the fence where he left his followers. There they were, stiff and stark, except where the scavengers of the wild had picked their bones. He mourned for them with the usual ceremony of his kind, pawing the snow and uttering mournful cries. Hours passed and at length hunger forced him to return to the canon.

Here he lived until spring. When men began to show themselves in the distance he retreated far into the mountains. For two years he lived solitary, his only adventures being with wild beasts. The settlements of men were encroaching on his mountain pastures. One day in early June as he was cautiously exploring a high valley he found one of his kind, a heifer so thin and weak she could not rise. The exposure and privation of the winter had sapped the strength she needed for the ordeal of motherhood and she could do nothing for her calf but lick it feebly and answer its cries. Comet approached the pitiful pair and aided them all he could by standing guard against the coyotes which threatened them. In a few hours the tragedy which happens by thousands and hundreds of thousands on the western ranges had repeated itself once more and Comet was watching two lifeless bodies. As he pawed and bawled in his last tribute to them, the owner of the heifer rode near enough to recognize his brand. As soon as Comet saw the man he was off like the wind, but his secret was out. The settler told the cowboys and when it was near time

for their fall shipment they organized a hunt and after three days of hard riding, captured the elusive steer. Soon he was taking the hot, dusty journey to Chicago, where his size attracted attention and made him an early victim.

Comet's sufferings are over, but thousands of other cattle still endure these agonies. If they were cared for to prevent loss the supply of meat would be greater, hence it would be less expensive, and best of all the heavy charge of cruelty against this nation in the great books of heaven would not be piling up an account that will crush us when the day of reckoning comes.

BELLE BAILY,

Manchester, Iowa.

## WANTED—WOODPECKERS



OW comes the cry for woodpeckers in our national forests in Montana. Much of the timber is already infested with the destructive pine borer and thousands of acres of fir and spruce are threatened, so rapidly is the insect increasing. A forest ranger who has been in the service for many

years declares that artificial means are powerless; that woodpeckers alone can check the ravages of the beetles.

This bird is an indefatigable worker and one of man's most valuable allies in his efforts to hold insect life in check. To satisfy his hearty appetite the woodpecker is kept continually busy in his search for food but with the reckless destruction of his sources for getting a most useful living he, too, is becoming scarce.

The conservation of our forests as well as other resources so vital to our future prosperity has become a matter for serious consideration. How much our diminishing forests, parks, and orchards are dependent upon the birds few have carefully reckoned. When the plague of moths or beetles has denuded our wooded areas we shall be fully awakened to the inestimable value of the winged wardens. They are indeed among the greatest of our national assets. Not only do the forests, the orchards, the harvests depend upon the birds but also even human life.

# Our Dumb Animals



"CURLEY"

A Popular Pup at Ampere, New Jersey

## WILD GEESE IN TIBET

Oang Sze, the son of the Governor of Saka-Dzong, in Tibet, was well-nigh prostrated with grief when a member of Sven Hedin's caravan shot a wild goose, says a contributor to the *Literary Digest*. He could not see how the servant of the great traveler could be so cruel. In his book "Trans-Himalaya," Sven Hedin goes on to tell of this display of real sensibility:

"You are right," I answered. "I am myself sorry for the wild geese. But you must remember that we are travelers, and dependent for our livelihood on what the country yields. Often the chase and fishing are our only resources."

"In this district you have plenty of sheep."

"Is it not just as wrong to kill sheep and eat their flesh?"

"No!" he exclaimed, with passionate decision. "That is quite another matter. You will surely not compare sheep to wild geese. There is as much difference between them as between sheep and human beings. For, like human beings, the wild geese marry and have families. And if you sever such a union by a thoughtless shot, you cause sorrow and misery."

"The goose which has just been bereaved of her mate will seek him fruitlessly by day and night, and will never leave the place where he has been murdered. Her life will be empty and forlorn, and she will never enter upon a new union, but will remain a widow, and will soon die of grief. A woman cannot mourn more deeply than she will, and the man who has caused such sorrow draws down a punishment on himself."

I had heard in the Lobsang country similar tales of the sorrow of the swans when their union was dissolved by death. It was moving to witness Oang Sze's tenderness and great sympathy for the wild geese, and I felt the deepest sympathy for him. Many a noble and sensitive heart beats in the cold and desolate valleys of Tibet.

## For Our Dumb Animals

### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Once when making a round of pastoral calls I visited the home of an estimable lady who was dying of a chronic malady. My right of way was disputed hotly by a, waspish terrier whom I found it difficult to placate. Satisfied at length that my purposes were friendly he came to welcome further visits. He was always on duty. After some weeks his mistress died, and the terrier was inconsolable. He refused to leave the chamber of death until the undertaker removed the remains to another room, where Carlo took up his station by the casket, day and night. When the funeral was held he stood his ground amid all the array of flowers and palms, and much to the displeasure of the quartette of singers joined his mournful cry with their sweet songs of consolation.

It was two miles to the beautiful cemetery, and all the way Carlo ran underneath the hearse. After the solemn words of the committal had been spoken and the benediction pronounced, the family and friends dispersed; but that faithful dog refused to go. He watched the sexton fill the narrow grave, and round its sod-covered surface.

The next day when relatives came with fresh flowers for the grave they found Carlo lying beside the mound, and they gave him some food of which he reluctantly partook. Thus it went on for several days. But one morning when they came they found the faithful creature reposing lifeless by the last resting-place of his mistress. Carlo was "only a dog," but he died of a broken heart.

HORACE C. HOVEY, D.D.,  
Newburyport, Mass.

### ON MUTILATING DOGS

Let me add a few words about the treatment of these faithful friends of ours. I need scarcely protest against the ignorant and stupid mutilation of dogs by cutting their ears and tail. From the artistic point of view this is barbarous in the last degree, because it spoils their instruments of expression. It is like cutting out the tongue of a human being. There is a poor dog near me whose tail has been amputated at the very root, and the consequence is that he cannot tell me the half of what he thinks. Sir Edwin Landseer was greatly pleased to meet with a dog-seller who would not mutilate his animals for the reason that "Sir Edwin Landseer did not approve of it." In a smaller way every one of us may exercise the same merciful influence, and I earnestly request every reader of these lines to discourage openly the mutilation of dogs and other animals. It is an evil very generally prevalent and of very long standing, and it is due to the desire for improving nature, for turning natural things as far as possible into artificial things, which is instinctive in mankind and leads to the most useful results; but this is one of its false directions. People who are only partially civilized do not see where they ought to respect nature, and where to make alterations; so they cannot leave anything alone. The highest civilization does little more than remove impediments to perfect natural growth, and accepts the divine ideals as the ideals towards which it strives.

The best practical way to prevent people from mutilating dogs is, not to reason on the subject (for reason is far too weak to contend against custom), but to employ ridicule. I make it a rule to tell everybody who keeps a mutilated dog, that his dog is both ugly and absurd; and if a good many people hear me, so much the better.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

### GOATS WILL PROTECT SHEEP

To protect a flock of 600 sheep on his farm in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, Charles S. Mellen has bought twelve Angora goats. It is said that one goat is able to care for fifty sheep against the attacks of dogs.

## VIVISECTION

Wild nature not by kindness won, because  
So seldom wooed that way; thou melodist  
That singest only the eternal songs,  
And changeless through the ages, conquerest Time;  
Thou white-winged joy, skimming the white-lipp'd  
sea;

Thou antlered forest lord; nor ye alone—  
The eminent and splendid ones of Earth—  
But creatures nearer to Man's daily walk;  
Thou timorous fugitive, obscurely housed  
In populous labyrinth under hillock and holm;  
Thou noble hound, with thy immortal gift  
Of loving whom thou servest; dear allies,  
Friends and co-heritors of Life with me;  
What power devised and fashioned you I know not,  
I know not, for my faith hath failed me sore;  
But this I know: *whatever natural rights  
Be mine, are yours no less, by native dower;*  
If none entitled is to bind me down,  
And rend, and mar, and rack, and break and lay me,  
None hath a title so to ravage *you*,  
Saving such title as defames alike  
Him that bestows and him that uses it.  
This is the thing I know and doubt not of;  
And this none taught me, but I drank it deep  
From the pure well-spring of my mother's breasts,  
Nor shall it die within me till I die.

WILLIAM WATSON.

### TIGE, A DOG PRINTER

We have all read about the dogs of Belgium drawing the milk carts about the streets of the cities, and perhaps pitied them for having to work for their living; but I wonder if anyone ever knew a dog printer besides Tige? Poor, faithful old Tige!

Tige was a great English mastiff. He was born in England and brought over to a frontier town in northern Canada when a puppy. Here he grew into a fine dog, and finally became quite a character in the place, for when he was three or four years old he was working the press that ran off the local paper! Every Friday, rain or shine, Tige could be found at his post of duty back of the printing office, weakly treading, hour after hour, until the weekly edition was printed.

Sometimes Tige would rebel against his task, and now and then when press day came the poor fellow was missing, and it usually took a long search on the prairie before he could be found and brought back to his duty.

But although Tige disliked his work, woe betide the dog who, with prying nose, came round to investigate this piece of property which he considered his very own.

The dog printer was a general favorite. Everyone loved the friendly old fellow, and many were the choice bones and other delicacies that were saved for him by the dozen families who had the honor to be on his visiting list.

One winter's night the business center of the little town was destroyed by fire, and the printing office was burned. Later it was learned that the fire started here through the carelessness of some half-drunk men whose minds were too dull to notice that their lighted cigar stumps had fallen among the papers scattered over the floor.

For several days after the fire Tige wandered in a bewildered sort of way among the ruins of the printing office. He seemed to be searching for something he could not find. Nowhere could a trace of his old treadmill be found. Day by day he renewed the search, and daily grew more dejected. His appetite began to fail, and finally even the choicest bits no longer tempted him to eat, and he lay quietly down and died.

Poor old Tige! He could not live without the old press that had given him his life work, and which had been destroyed through the evil drink habit.

MRS. ALICE M. HENDERSON,  
in *Union Signal*.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors.

# Our Dumb Animals

5

## For Our Dumb Animals TO A YOUNG BIRD

Found Dead in the Streets by a Boston Patrolman

Ah! little bird so soon at rest  
And such a little while awing,  
Thou scarce hadst chance to quit thy nest  
Nor yet a note of love to sing.

These cold gray stones were never meant  
To see thy tiny life depart,  
The busy street its clamor lent  
To still the throbbing of thy heart.

The toil and traffic of the day  
Unheeding passed thy stony bed—  
One atom in the mighty way  
Unnoticed here where thousands tread.

As brief thy life as of the star,  
That flashes in the midnight sky,  
For one short moment gleaming far  
And then in darkened die.

Here in the dusty heartless street  
Thy little flight so soon was o'er,  
And thy small voice, so low and sweet,  
Will never sound for Nature more.

The Master watched thee in thy flight  
And sighed to see thy shattered form  
Bruised by a greater body's might,  
As ships are battered by the storm.

Here, 'neath this bit of sod, I lay  
Thy little bones to rest at last  
Where blades of green will point the way  
One shooting star of life has passed.

TIMOTHY C. MURPHY,  
Police Station 4, Boston.

## AMERICAN BIRDS FOR ENGLAND

An interesting attempt to acclimatize American birds has been in progress for some little time in this country, says the *Animal World* of London. Early last year a dozen American "robins," or, more properly, thrushes, were introduced near Guildford. Many eggs were laid, and the young were reared so successfully that the birds totaled nearly one hundred at the end of last summer. Should the birds appreciate our climate the Nature lover may reckon on a new and permanent joy for the countryside.

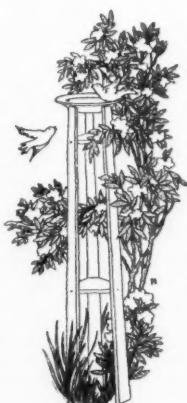
## A BIRD BATH FOR THE GARDEN

Nothing serves better to attract the birds than a shallow dish filled with clean water, fresh every day. The dish should be placed a few feet from the ground, and in or near some shrubbery.

The sketch, taken from *The Youth's Companion*, shows a bath made of three slats about four and a half feet long, two triangular pieces, one somewhat larger than the other, and an ordinary soup-plate.

The triangular pieces have their points sawed off to receive the slats, which themselves look better if tapered slightly toward the top.

The size of the top triangular piece is governed by the size of the dish, which slips between the tops of the slats, and is supported by its rim. Put it together with screws, and paint—dish and all—a soft sage-green.



To teach children to be kind to animals affects the home, the school, society, citizenship and indeed all relations of life. A city full of men and women kind to all animals would be an ideal city.



Courtesy of the National Audubon Society

BOBWHITE

## FAVORITE SUMMER BIRDS

The sweetest warblers are usually found near inhabited lands. The bobolink, whose rich, deep notes adorn the meadow in harvest time, never seeks the forest or wild sections of country. As he sings, alit on a clover blossom, if you listen and say, "thank you, Robert o' Lincoln," he is almost sure to respond with an encore just as if he appreciated your applause. They haunt cultivated grass fields because of the insects that abound. The supply is never exhausted for their young. Search in the wake of the mower during hay-making time if you would find the bobolink's nest.

It is quite probable that these birds were few in number previous to the settlement of America by the Europeans, owing to the small amount of land that was tilled. Experience has shown that the bobolink, song sparrow, linnet, and robin have increased according to the spread of agriculture. What a beneficent act on the part of an all-wise Creator to thus provide for the protection of the agriculturist from insects. Were it not for the birds, it would be impossible to attain success in this branch of industry.

In the latter part of June, the summer birds join with the earlier warblers in their more vehement and musical strains. As the morning stars grow fainter and the ruddy light fringes the east, a single note of challenge is uttered. Soon the feathered sleepers are all awake and the chorus of song arises like an ocean of music. At midday the singing of the larger number of birds is finished until another dawn, but the vireo and bobolink are always full of music to overflowing.

The swamp sparrow finds his favorite perch on the limb of a dead tree in a wild brook where his sweet note is often the only sound that disturbs the forest solemnity. The wood sparrow frequents isolated habitations. The chewink, redstart, oven bird, flicker, grosbeak, and scarlet tanager are other favorites, whose habits it is worth while to know.

MISS Z. I. DAVIS,  
in *Home and School Visitor*.

## THE QUAIL'S PEACEFUL SONG

The value and importance of the quail whose cheerful call adds much to the charm of rural life is thus set forth in the *Southern Agriculturist*:

The rush of modern times, with its difficult and weighty problems, gives place to peaceful contemplation at the sound of bobwhite. His lusty call from the pasture fence, the wood lot or the orchard is among the sweetest sounds in nature.

And how they respond to kind and human treatment! Do not shoot at them, do not allow them to be chased by dogs, and try not to alarm them in any way, and they will repay you by coming to the orchard, the garden, and even to the yard to sing their little song of cheer. Some farmers take such steps to win the friendship of this, from necessity, shy little bird, and as a result they nest near the dwelling, come to the barn and feed-lot to eat grass, and weed-seed when the ground is covered with snow.

But the quail is also of great economic importance as a weed and insect destroyer. "A more valuable bird does not live on the farm," says H. A. Gossard, entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station. This bird eats and thus destroys the seeds of the ragweed, pigweed, sheep sorrel, pigeon grass, and many other undesirable plant seeds. And its place as an insect exterminator is of greater importance than that of weed destroyer. Many are the grasshoppers, the chinch bugs, the striped cucumber beetles, the Colorado potato bug, etc., eaten by bobwhite.

Protect the quail. Cultivate their friendship and look after their interest a little. Most birds will stay with you only through warm weather, but the quail stays through the entire year. Let us make it so that bobwhite will be regularly heard on every roadside.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

# Our Dumb Animals

For Our Dumb Animals by CLARA IMOGENE CHENEY

## SUMMER STUDIES IN SQUIRRELDOM

Facts Observed and Annotated at Centerville, Cape Cod. I. The Chipmunks



THE chipmunks we have tamed to such a degree, that they run over us as we sit on the piazza, and take nuts from our hands. I have had two of these little creatures in my lap at the same time, but one would always succeed in driving the other away through jealousy.

There are many chipmunks about but we can distinguish them by certain marks and characteristics. "Josephine," the eldest of the family, is most assertive, and scolds not a little whenever her rights are invaded. She has cunning little ways and manners, and poses for snapshots at the shortest range, without the slightest fear apparently. If I hold a nut between my thumb and finger too firmly, she very gently nips with her teeth first one and then the other, until I relinquish the nut. If I close all my fingers over the nuts, she pries my fingers apart in the same way as I have told, and thrusts her head and body into my hand, remaining there until she has filled the pouches in her cheeks,—one might call it packing her suit case, so deftly does she use her little paws in stowing the meats away. It is a delightful sensation to feel the throbbing of the little heart and the soft warm body so full of life, in one's hand.

Another chipmunk, "Joseph," named for his lovely "striped coat of many colors," is a charming pet; a very young one, who catches nuts with his tiny paws as we toss them to him. Chipmunks carry away and store nuts, seldom eating in our presence. With all our care and thoughtfulness, we cannot accustom them to our movements or to a sudden motion; the latter, though very slight, will cause them to scurry away always, so that it is necessary to "freeze" whenever they appear on the piazza, with the exception of Joseph, the catcher.

### Economics in Carrying Food

Josephine's "cold storage" warehouse is under a pine tree, down among the roots evidently, at some distance from the piazza. She never seems to go elsewhere with her store, and in coming to and fro, never takes the same route twice in succession, popping up first in one place on the piazza, and the next time in another, not leaving us until both cheeks are stuffed full. She will run about in a most distracted manner with one pouch packed, until enough nuts are given her to fill the other pouch.

Another trait of hers is that she appears to know when *not* to come again, as always after taking the last nut from our hands or from the box, she will not return for more at this time. We have tested her in this by getting more nuts after she had taken the last one and gone, but she did not return for more. Other chipmunks come to the piazza and eat from the box of nuts placed on the floor, curling about in it in perfect trust and filling their pouches, but they do not go beyond this. Only Josephine and Joseph are on terms of intimacy with our family.

### Menu Includes Walnuts and Moths

Their favorite food is the English walnut. I have seen the chipmunks catch and eat moths and other small winged insects. I have only twice seen a chipmunk climb the trunk of a tree to the branches. Their call is a series of chirps, similar to those of a small bird, and which the chipmunk continues to make incessantly for a long time without any seeming cause, sitting on a rock with his forepaws in his vest pockets, as it appears. It is amusing to watch the playing of the young ones, running helter-skelter around the rocks, among the dry leaves, chasing each other with utter disregard of any danger.

lurking near in the form of tramp cats strolling about in the woods.

One day, on hearing a familiar "mew" at the door, I went to admit "Dinah," a homeless kitty who lodges in a barn not far distant, and who has obtained her "meals at all hours" from our kitchen for a number of past summers. I was shocked to see a chipmunk close behind the cat, and expected a sad tragedy as a result of such foolhardiness on the part of the squirrel. But as I opened the door to admit the cat, the chipmunk popped down under the steps of the piazza, much to the relief of my mind, as Dinah is a keen hunter. Apparently they were so much absorbed in watching me, that each became oblivious of the other.

For Our Dumb Animals

### THE SQUIRRELS' FOSTER MOTHER

Eddie Smith, who lives about three miles from the village of Downing, Wisconsin, found a gray squirrel's nest in the woods near his home last summer in which were two baby squirrels curled up asleep. He took the little creatures home with him, thinking to keep them for pets, but was at a loss as to how to properly feed them. Finally he took them and placed them beside an old mother cat who had several small kittens. Eddie was surprised to see that puss treated the newcomers exactly as though they were her own offspring.

Eddie had a splendid home made for his pets, to keep them out of mischief. The squirrel-house was placed among some trees on the lawn before his home. It is made of wire screen and is larger than a piano box. It has a pagoda-like appearance and is divided into compartments which have wheels, cosey nests, and are in other respects fitted up so as to make an ideal home for the furry tenants.

The squirrels are fully grown now. Puss visits them yet as frequently as possible and has never outgrown her love for them.

MARY ALDEN CARVER,  
St. Paul, Minn.

### HORSES DESERVE A HOLIDAY

"Got any good rigs in?" inquired a young fellow, as he entered a livery stable on July 4th.

"Lots of 'em," laconically answered the liveryman.

"I want a good looking horse, not afraid of the fireworks, and a nice buggy, to take my girl out into the country about six miles for dinner."

"I can't give it to you."

"Why not? Not all out? I thought you said there were plenty in?"

"I did, but this is Fourth of July."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"It's the one day in the year when all my horses have a holiday and rest in their stalls. I haven't let a horse go out on the Fourth for seven years."

"That's funny. I thought the Fourth was a big day in the livery business."

"It used to be. I tried to work it up; get all the business I could; sent some of the horses out two or three times."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much. I'm here to make money. I couldn't afford it. Every year, be as careful as I could, buggies came back smashed to pieces or a good horse was ruined and had to be killed. Sometimes both. One buggy is worth as much as all the Fourth of July business. When a kid throws a firecracker under a horse there is liable to be something doing if the best driver is handling an old skat that you wouldn't think would run for an earthquake. Some others may think I'm foolish, but I'm satisfied and ahead of the game by giving the horses a holiday."

"I guess you're right," admitted the young gallant. "I'll have to try somebody else, who don't figure as you do."—*Rural Life*.

### NO REINS FOR THIS HORSE

A horse used in the grocery business in Columbus, Indiana, has learned his duties so well that no reins are used to drive him on his regular route. The horse knows the location of all of the customers and his driver has only to tell him the name when he goes to the front of the house and stops until delivery is made. When the horse is in a neighborhood with which he is not familiar he is guided by his master's voice.



ANTIKA, A PURE CHILD OF THE DESERT  
From the Interlachen Arabian Stud of Col. Spencer Borden

## MAN'S DUTY TO HIS MOST USEFUL FRIEND.



For all the brute friends of man, the horse is by far the most useful, helping to earn his own and his master's living, writes a contributor to the *Philadelphia North American*, in reviewing the service which the horse renders to man, and showing what the faithful animal receives in return. He usually works six days in the week, frequently eighteen or more hours in the day, and often the greater part of the seventh. He is ready to do his best at any task through thick and thin. He is the most faithful, efficient and optimistic friend of his master.

This most faithful animal shares his master's poverty in full, but gets little of his share in his prosperity. Blows he receives from his cruel master frequently, seldom resenting them until unbearable. Day in, day out, whether ill or weakened from loss of rest or food, or both, he drags out his weary life-day, until he finally drops in the harness—dead.

There are humane societies to teach some and compel others to be kind to this noble creature. Think how he suffers in hot weather from lack of water alone; how he is made to stand for hours with his face to the broiling sun, when a little care on the part of his driver would save him from this misery by heading him the other way or taking him across the street into the shade. Then he is compelled to hold his head in a most unnatural position by that cruel contrivance, the checkrein, until he froths at the mouth from fruitless effort to relieve himself of the thing that stiffens the muscles of his neck and makes him tremble from head to foot.

Our Heavenly Father did not make any mistake in giving the horse a beautiful curved neck and pretty flowing tail and mane. Man does not improve them by his cruel devices of overhead checkreins and docked tails, but shows his utter lack of knowledge and taste for the beautiful and useful—beautiful because symmetrical and complete, and useful to protect the animal against his natural enemies, the flies and other insects that alight on his supersensitive hide.

May the time soon come when men will accord the horse the kind treatment which it is his right and due to receive!

## "BLACK BEAUTY" AS A LONDON CAB HORSE

Jerry kept us very clean, and gave us as much change of food as he could, and always plenty of it; and not only that, but he always gave us plenty of clean fresh water, which he allowed to stand by us both night and day, *except of course when we came in warm*. Some people say that a horse ought not to drink all he likes; but I know if we are allowed to drink when we want it we drink only a little at a time, and it does us a great deal more good than swallowing down half a bucket full at a time, because we have been left without till we are thirsty and miserable. Some grooms will go home and leave us for hours with our dry hay and oats and nothing to moisten them; then of course we gulp down too much at once, which helps to spoil our breathing and sometimes chills our stomachs. *But the best thing that we had here was our Sundays for rest*; we worked so hard in the week, that I do not think we could have kept up to it, but for that day; besides, we had then time to enjoy each other's company.

## WHY THE CITY SHOULD CARE FOR ITS HORSES



WHEN a private individual has owned a horse for many years he does not feel like selling that horse to a person who may abuse it just because the horse has grown too old to do the work it had done faithfully and uncomplainingly, says the Lawrence, Massachusetts, *Telegram* in a forceful editorial protesting against the injustice of allowing horses of the city, grown old in its service, to be sold at auction and be the prey of cruel owners.

No, a humane person will not sell such a horse where there is any risk that it would not receive kind and generous treatment. If he can afford it he will pension the horse by turning it into a paddock for the rest of its days. If he cannot afford to do this he will see to it that the horse is sold only to a person who will treat it kindly, who will not abuse it, who will not with whip and club try to get out of an old horse only what could be expected of a young horse.

He would certainly not sell a horse that had served him faithfully and well for many years to be put to work drawing a pedler's cart, a work which is too often a veritable equine inferno.

A city should be no less considerate of its horses. When horses have served Lawrence, for instance, for ten or fifteen years in the fire department they should be pensioned off or at least sold only to reliable parties, who will not allow them to be abused in any way. For that reason it does not seem advisable to sell old fire department or city horses of any kind at auction. No one can tell into whose hands a horse sold at an auction may fall.

Lawrence may not be the richest city in the country, but it surely is rich enough to see that its old fire department horses are not cast adrift in their old age to become the prey of cruel masters.



## DEAR FRIEND:

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY take pleasure in presenting you with a copy of the Horse's Prayer, and ask your cooperation in bettering the condition of all horses in our city and state, and in the prevention of cruelty of every sort. We shall be glad to send a copy to any friend of yours whose name you may give us. Perhaps you would put this up in your stable where others may read it.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,  
President.

## The Horse's Prayer

TO THEE, MY MASTER, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O MY MASTER, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a Stable. Amen.

The above Horse's Prayer is reproduced here because in its present form it has never appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*. To thousands of our readers it is as yet unfamiliar. It came to us originally a translation from the Swedish. Modifying it by omitting here and there something, and adding to it certain things that have largely helped to win for it the attention of many, the President sent it out on its mission as a leaflet. It seems to have made a place for itself among a host of lovers of horses. Requests are coming every day from many parts of the country for copies of it for distribution. It is furnished at cost, viz: thirty-five cents a hundred, postage paid.

# Our Dumb Animals

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
Boston, June, 1910

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts, which is published each month, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for proper authorization. Liberal commissions will be given.

TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities at greatly reduced prices.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

### A POWER FOR PEACE

Last month the world lost, in the death of Edward VII., one of its noblest and most powerful advocates of peace. When one remembers how through his personal good will and tactful management he practically re-united France and England in a cordial friendship after centuries of bitterness and distrust; when one recalls the wisdom with which he dealt with many a serious situation growing out of the relations of the several governments of Europe to each other and to England, he will not wonder if men think of him in days to come as "the great pacifier." Mr. Bryce justly said of him, in his letter to the Peace Congress of Hartford. "The death of King Edward VII. has taken away from the sacred cause of peace and good will among the nations one of those who was most earnest in promoting it and who had done most for it."

F. H. R.

### WHO PAYS FOR IT?

If an officer of the government met each workman and other toiler of the land, night by night, as he returned home, and demanded, and obtained, a good per cent. of each day's wage or salary, and said, "This is for battleships and armies and for expenses connected with past wars;" and the citizen thus held up, night after night, looked at last squarely into the eyes of the fact that 72 per cent. of all the national income was going year after year for this purpose, it may be he would some day wonder if it paid this land, unthreatened by war, and at peace with all the world, to leave itself only 28 per cent. of its income for all other government expenses, improvements, public buildings, etc. What a fool a man would be who spent even twenty-five cents out of every dollar he earned for revolvers and rifles and ammunition to defend himself from his next door neighbor, his neighbor doing the same thing, when all the while they could, if they would, agree to settle all their difficulties before a competent court. Well, that's what we are doing as a nation. Robbing ourselves of hundreds of millions of dollars that might be used to make our cities and towns more beautiful and healthful that we may build great battleships costing from ten to eighteen million dollars apiece, one of which each year grows out of date and goes to the junk heap. Some day we shall learn wisdom. Meanwhile, under the leadership of manufacturers of the materials out of which gunboats are made, and the officers of powder trusts, and men whose trade is war, we are acting like stupid children who follow blindly some shrewd and crafty leader who knows how to make them serve his own personal ends.

F. H. R.

### A LOVER OF PEACE

Those who have heard the late Justice Brewer at the Lake Mohonk conferences speak on behalf of peace will never forget from what a broad, high-minded, Christian point of view he always spoke. That noble figure, with the fine, classic face, with the judicial bearing that commanded immediate and almost reverent attention, will be sadly missed at those annual gatherings. The last time we listened to him there, at the close of the conference, this is a part of what he said:

"Indeed, every nation on the face of the globe has sent some of its bravest and strongest and brainiest to help fashion this republic, and out of these composite races is being formed this nation which of all on the face of the globe most fully represents the brotherhood of man. And where there is that brotherhood there will be no fighting. It seems to me that one of the lessons we may draw from history is that the Almighty has in the counsels of eternity a purpose that this republic shall stand in the front of all the great nations on the earth, as leader in the cause of universal peace. And in order to establish and maintain that leadership she must lead in the limitation of armaments. It is either one of two things. Some nation must lead or else all will go on increasing the burden of naval and military expenses until the common people repudiate all government debts and there is one great revolution. So I think it is the privilege and the duty of this nation to lead in disarmament." F. H. R.

### THE ZOO

It looks as if Boston were to fall into line with all the other large cities of the world and go into the menagerie business. If this is for the education of the children it might possibly be well to consider the wisdom of incurring the large expense connected with this pedagogic institution until there was less debate over the question of our schools being sadly in need of larger appropriations. Of course if the children are clamoring for elephants and tigers and lions and zebras—if their passion for natural history has suddenly reached the point of such insistent demand that it must be gratified, why then we are facing a serious situation. Some day they may want to go to Africa to secure a great faunal collection for exhibition in a scientific museum, and it would be a pity if we had neglected their education so that they were ignorant of the difference, for example, between the numerous species of jumping marsupials of the family Macropodidae, and fell into the blunder of mistaking a kangaroo of the genus Dendrolagus for its cousin of the genus Halmaturus. We should never forgive ourselves for our unpardonable failure.

It will not do to say that when some of us were children our fathers and mothers and elderly relatives rather rejoiced that this part of our education was left to the traveling circus. It furnished a perfectly justifiable excuse for them to devote a half a day to our intellectual training. Time makes ancient good uncouth. Mr. Barnum is dead. We may not always have the circus to depend upon.

Shall we be accused of being swayed by nothing but sentiment if we protest? No matter. It is our conviction we must utter let the accusation be what it may. Now and always we are opposed to catching, capturing, snaring these free children of the wood and wild and shutting them up in cages and pens to wear out their lives in what is nothing but a prison. Oh yes—many an inmate of a jail gets better food and clothes than he had outside, perhaps is in far less danger of being maimed or killed by automobiles or at some railroad crossing, but he wears the prisoner's garb and the stone wall and the iron bars are perpetually saying, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Granted that we confine our horses, that we restrain our cattle within the pasture borders,—these, after long cen-

turies of domestication, it is a mercy to care for in such ways, and these actually serve a great purpose in the economy of our daily life. No. The zoo may be. Our guardians of the city's funds may ultimately walk proudly about the poor, caged, cribbed and confined creatures that pace back and forth within their grated prison-houses; but we shall at least have the comfort of knowing that what influence we had was against the inhumanity of it all. Put yourself in the animal's place.

F. H. R.

### TAKE THE STONES OUT OF THE ROAD

A lover of animals, a man whose chief companions are his four-footed friends, suggests that we preach a sermon from the following text: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord's creatures, make smooth the road before them." The text is a good one. We cannot imagine even Isaiah objecting to its use thus modified. Sure are we that the Lord of animals would deem the Scriptures wisely used could they be made by any slight additions or subtractions to plead the cause of the lowly, voiceless creatures of his care. What our friend was thinking about were the heavily-laden horses pulling over our highways their various loads and compelled to step over or around the stones that we leave in the roads, or to stumble over them and pound their feet to pieces upon them. The farmers would save time and money if they would take the pains to make smooth the way of the beasts of burden.

All this was because of the Horse's Prayer that he thought was particularly the prayer for the city horse. We had not thought of that. Of course city people pray for some things that their country cousins never want, and the reverse is equally true. If the country horse ever prays there can be no doubt that he daily beseeches his master to "take the stones out of the road."

But the moral struck us. "Take the stones out of the road!" Alas, how we forgot to do it. We go stumbling, hurting ourselves over things, never thinking of those who must also come over the same hard way, perhaps bearing weary burdens, perhaps in the dark. On we go, glad that we are past the rocky, uneven road. Isn't it worth while to stop long enough to throw out by the wayside now and then the thing which injured us, or over which we fell, or which nearly tripped us up? The traveler who comes after us will never know we did it, never realize the way is that much easier, but he will reach his goal with stronger heart and less tired spirit. That will be our reward. "Take the stones out of the road."

F. H. R.

### WHAT SOME READERS THINK

A kind correspondent in Havana, Cuba, who subscribes for seven copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, writes: "It is now by far the best humane publication in the world today." And another enthusiastic friend of animals sends this:

Pittsburg, May 12, 1910.

*Dear Mr. Richardson:*

I have been sitting up tonight, after the play, reading *Our Dumb Animals*—the recent issue of May.

You have done me the honor to ask me to write something for this publication. What I would like to write is this:—to me, it seems that *Our Dumb Animals* is the best publication I know. This issue surprised me. I have been so busy that I have not been able to read the paper carefully for several months. It is a great credit to journalistic literature and is capitally edited. *Our Dumb Animals* seems to me the best publication I know because it inspires the reader with every sort of sentiment that makes the world a better, happier and more rational place. This inspiration is more than compensation for the lack of detailed news and gossip of the day.

Sincerely,  
MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

# Our Dumb Animals

9



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;  
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JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, HARRY L. ALLEN,  
HARVEY R. FULLER,  
E. S. VAN STEENBERGH.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

#### Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden, and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.  
Dukes Nantucket, Barnstable, and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640.

#### Ambulance Always Ready

Someone is on duty at the main office at every hour of the day and night, including Sundays and holidays, and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always be had by calling Richmond 572; or our Massachusetts Society, Fort Hill 2640.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases, where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

#### LAST MONTH'S ACTIVITY

Animals examined .....	4269
Number of prosecutions .....	24
Number of convictions .....	20
Horses taken from work .....	98
Horses humanely killed .....	103

President Rowley reports receipts of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for last month as follows: from will of Mrs. Susan E. P. Forbes, of Byfield, Mass., \$500; interest from trustees, \$1054.67; gift of Miss Emily V. Lindsley, \$100; for the Angell Memorial fund, Mrs. William J. Rotch, \$25; Rhodes & Ripley Clothing Co., \$20; "T. W. A." \$20.

The American Humane Education Society received as interest from trustees, \$899.08.

Boston, May 18, 1910.

#### THE LOWELL SOCIETY

On the afternoon of May 10 Mrs. F. E. Dunbar, of Lowell, opened her beautiful home at 285 Andover street to the Lowell Humane Society and its friends. A large company gathered in response to her very gracious invitation, more than a hundred people being present. The occasion was made to give the President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. an opportunity to address the Lowell Society. It was a great pleasure for him to do this, and he, with the others, is indebted to Mrs. Dunbar for her hospitality, and her deep personal interest in our work.

F. H. R.

#### NO RETREAT

We are still pressing hard the dealers in little calves, the inhuman and unprincipled traffic in which was noticed in our last issue. At a hearing before the public health committee of the Senate and House, May 12, at which time we were making a plea for a bill to give our agents the right to visit and keep under observation all places where cattle or other animals are kept it was asserted, by our opponents, that the fact that we could get no convictions for cruelty in connection with the handling of stock at Watertown and Brighton was evidence that we were making a great ado about nothing. On the contrary we have secured six convictions there in the past six months, four of them for cruelty to calves. We lost an important and test case in one instance because, though two of our agents who had visited at least every twenty minutes for twelve hours the pens where five hundred calves had been kept without food or drink after a long journey by rail, testified to this fact, six butchers went on the stand and swore that seven or eight men had spent most of the day feeding these same calves.

All sorts of devices are being resorted to to escape detection. We have found cars sidetracked in a suburb and the calves being carted to the slaughterhouse after midnight. At present some of these cars of crated New York state calves are being stopped this side the border line of Massachusetts and taken out of the crates and shipped to Boston loose. Is the railroad in conspiracy with these handlers of immature calves and a party to a business that has no regard for the public health? It's a long and a hard fight but we haven't the slightest notion of giving it up. The evils connected with the transportation, handling and slaughtering of animals are various and of long standing, but we are sure to lessen them as time goes on, and our children will some day wonder how civilized men and women ever permitted them to continue when once they were called to their attention.

F. H. R.

#### A RECOGNITION

We desire to recognize the thoughtfulness, and the humane spirit manifested by the Boston board of street commissioners in certain paragraphs of the "Street Traffic Regulations and Rules for Driving." Under Article 7, we read:

No one shall drive a horse not in every respect fit for use and capable for the work on which it is employed and free from lameness and sores or any vice or disease likely to cause delay in traffic or accident or injury to persons or property.

No one shall illtreat, overload, overdrive or cruelly or unnecessarily beat any horse.

And in Article 10:

By crossing as nearly as possible at right angles, preferably at regular crossings, persons will greatly add to their own safety, facilitate traffic and make it much less difficult for the horses, which often have to be reined in suddenly and painfully to avoid carelessness and unthinking pedestrians.

The honorable gentlemen of the board doubtless never imagined they would elicit from any source a word of grateful appreciation for their regard for man's faithful servant, the horse, but that they thought of him as well as of the need of wise rules for street traffic is too evident to be mistaken. They have not always granted our petitions that have been against the laying of wood and asphalt pavement where heavy teaming must be done, but we shall count upon them as our allies in the cause in which we are engaged.

F. H. R.

#### GOOD NEWS FROM SIOUX CITY

Horace L. Houghton, secretary of the Humane Society, at Sioux City, Iowa, writing for a supply of literature, says, "We are just renewing the work in the Humane Society. I want to arouse interest in the public schools."

#### OUR POLICY—OUR NEED

We can do one of two things as organizations that have been made possible by the noble generosity of the lovers of the cause we represent. We can hoard their gifts, piling up year by year the income and the contributions, till some day in the consciousness of our large wealth we grow more concerned with that than with the end for which we originally had our being. Or we can spend, up to the limit of wisdom, the annual income to do the work that day by day comes crowding upon us, to meet the calls that cruelty and inhumanity and the needs of humane education continually keep sounding in our ears. No, we can do but one of these things—the latter. There is no danger that we shall break into wisely invested funds or waste the substance which has been carefully put aside to guarantee the work for all time, but to see money accumulate when the sufferings of defenceless and mute pleading creatures who, did they but know it, have every right to appeal to us in the name of brave souls living and dead who have given that we might champion their cause,—that we cannot do. Charged with this sacred trust we shall use our income in trying to do effectively our work. No one who has not actually dealt with the problem knows how multitudinous the calls upon the Societies, or how costly much of the work is. We are reputed rich. We have been generously remembered by loyal friends. But the new work we are taking up, the additional agents needed to cover even partially the state, the further extension of our humane education activities through paid workers whom we must have in many parts of the country—all this will make necessary a larger income than we have had. Our faith is that the more we do, the more our faithful friends will give us to do with! We pledge them our life's best endeavor and unflagging fidelity. We shall trust them to stand behind us with their confidence and material support.

F. H. R.

#### THE MILFORD SOCIETY

In Milford, Mass., there occurred Sunday evening, May 15, a very unusual service. Five churches united in recognition of the first anniversary of the local humane society and were addressed, in response to their invitation to him, by the President of the Massachusetts Society. An audience of something like four hundred people, all apparently deeply interested in the humane cause, listened attentively to the speaker. Six clergymen were upon the platform, each of them entering heartily into the spirit of the occasion.

We doubt if there is another town in the Commonwealth where so many churches would be willing to give up their evening service for such a purpose. Surely here were men and women who had come to see how vitally related religion is to every great endeavor that seeks to lessen the sum of cruelty to the animal world and to quicken in human hearts the virtues of kindness, justice and mercy. The Society has done excellent work in the public schools, in creating a deeper respect for the law relative to cruelty, and in calling the attention of the community to the need and the value of the humane sentiment. It is affiliated with the state organization.

F. H. R.

#### NEW HUMANE JOURNAL

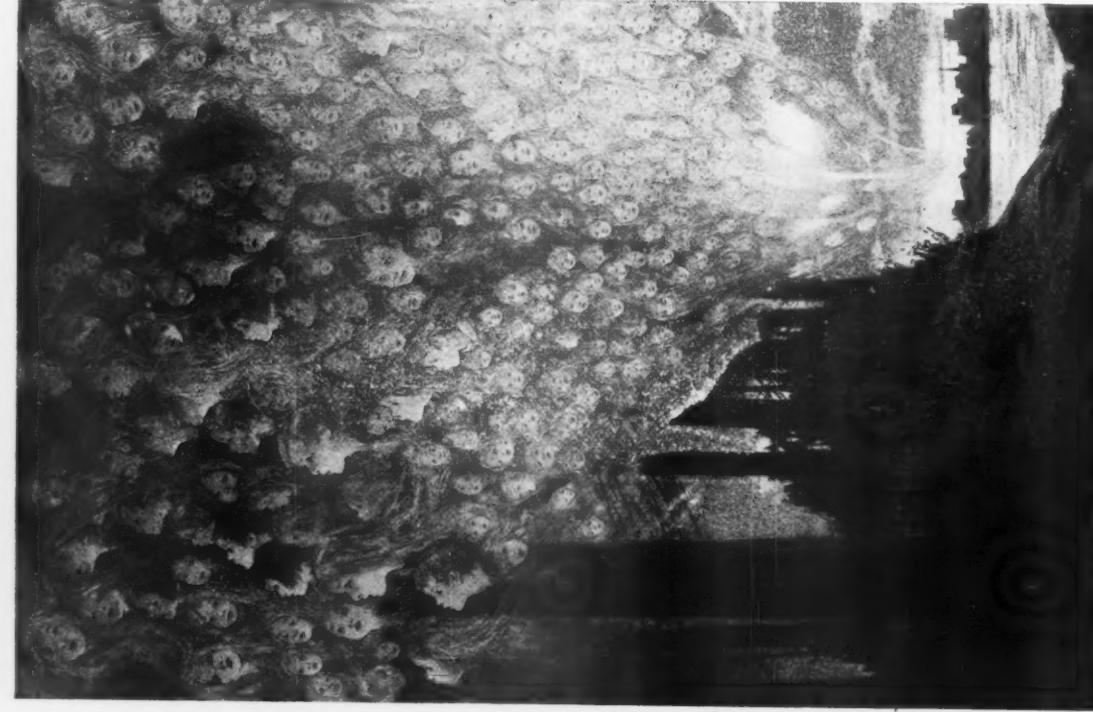
We congratulate the Texas State Humane Society upon the appearance of their new publication, *The Texas State Humane Journal*, which is issued monthly at San Antonio, under the able editorship of Olive Hall Butler. The paper is similar to *Our Dumb Animals* in size and make-up, also in price, and is well illustrated. Judging from the three first issues of the new journal, it has already won the support of the good people in the state where they do nothing by halves.

Heart culture should be first.

TO THE  
MOLOCH OF THE FOURTH

215 BOYS AND GIRLS KILLED

6307 Persons killed, blinded, maimed, injured, July 4, 1909

(Used by permission of the *Ladies' Home Journal*)

## The Spirit of 1776

10

## Our Dumb Animals

IT was a glorious day—that wonderful Fourth of July in the year of our Lord Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six. It was the birthday of a mighty nation. We cherish it for a few hours of human history made immortal by the spirit of liberty and patriotism.

Can anything be more insane than to permit for its celebration the use by children and youth of such explosives as main and blind and kill year by year a veritable army of future citizens?

The facts and figures plead with trumpet-tongues to all fathers and mothers and teachers and legislators and governors of our cities and towns:—

Year	Dead	Wounded	Total	Tetanus
1908	163	5,460	5,623	55
1907	164	4,249	4,413	62
1906	158	5,308	5,466	75
1905	182	4,994	5,176	81
1904	183	3,986	4,169	91
1903	466	3,393	4,449	406
	1,316	27,980	29,296	776

## 1909—215 Boys and Girls killed.

BETWEEN five and six thousand injured.  
Over 34,000 Persons Killed, Blinded and Maimed  
The Record for past Seven Years.

(From *Ladies' Home Journal*.)

## The Ten Blackest States

WHICH killed, blinded and maimed two-thirds of the five thousand last Fourth of July, in the order of highest casualty figures:—

1. Pennsylvania
2. New York
3. Illinois
4. New Jersey
5. Massachusetts
6. Missouri
7. Ohio
8. Michigan
9. Indiana
10. Wisconsin

In each of which States from 100 and over to 1000 and over were killed, blinded and maimed.

## The Ten Blackest Cities

WHICH have killed, blinded and maimed more persons on the last three Fourth of July than any other cities, in the order of highest casualty figures:—

1. New York
2. Philadelphia
3. Saint Louis
4. Chicago
5. Boston
6. Newark
7. Cincinnati
8. Milwaukee
9. Kansas City
10. Pittsburg

In each of these cities from 100 and over to 1000 and over have been killed, blinded and maimed.

# Maimed for Life — Who is Responsible?

THE MORNING AFTER



Used by permission of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

## THE LAST "GLORIOUS FOURTH"

41 Children Lost a Leg, an Arm or a Hand

36 Children Lost One Eye

16 Children Lost Both Eyes

93 Little Lives Were Thus Maimed and Disfigured



Total prohibition seems the only effective means by which to stop the awful waste of life and cut off the streams that feed this fountain of tears and sorrow that yearly gushes forth afresh.

### CLEVELAND, OHIO—IT'S WAY:

No person shall fire any cannon, gun, rifle, pistol, toy pistol or firearms of any kind, or fire or explode any squib, rocket, cracker or Roman candle, or other combustible fireworks, or make use of any sling, within the city.

No person, firm or corporation shall, within the city, sell, offer for sale, or have in his or its possession or custody any toy pistol, squib, rocket, cracker or Roman candle, or fire balloon, or other combustible fireworks, or any article for the making of pyrotechnic display. Provided that nothing in this section contained shall be construed as to prohibit the Board of Public Service from giving pyrotechnical displays of fireworks in the public parks whenever said Board is thereto directed by resolution of Council.

Any person violating any of the provisions . . . shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not exceeding One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00), or imprisoned in the workhouse not exceeding thirty days, or both, at the discretion of the Court. But the people of every community must ask for such an ordinance and insist that it shall be passed. And now, before we get too close to another Fourth of July, is the time to act.

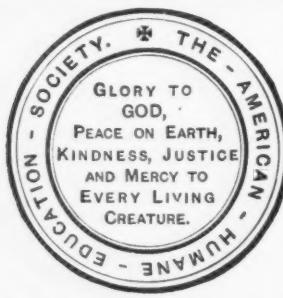
### A STRIKING CONTRAST

Number of persons treated at Washington, D. C., local hospitals for injuries from explosives:

Hospital	JULY 4, 1908 (When fireworks were allowed)	JULY 4, 1909 (When fireworks were prohibited)
EMERGENCY	25	6
CASUALTY	6	00
FREEDMEN'S	00	00
GEORGETOWN	10	00
GARFIELD	4	00
PRIORITIE	52	00
HOMEOPATHIC	2	00
CHILDREN'S	2	00
TOTALS	104	00

Circulated by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Copies may be obtained at cost, 50 cents per hundred, postpaid. Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary.

# Our Dumb Animals



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on a preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

#### "A SANER FOURTH"

Elsewhere in *Our Dumb Animals* will be found our plea for what has come to be thought of as a saner Fourth of July. Through the kindness of the Life Publishing Co. and the *Ladies' Home Journal* we have been able to present the suggestive pictures that call attention to the dreadful waste of life and human happiness, and to the statistics that accompany the pictures. What appears on the two pages to which reference is made we have issued in a four-page pamphlet, which we are circulating as widely as possible. Many of our readers can help us, and helping us do much toward lessening the pain and tears that are the annual offering made to this God of Fire and Blood and Noise and Death, by ordering these pamphlets which are sold at the bare cost of printing, and distributing them.

Let the boys and girls have the best possible, the most enjoyable Fourth of July, but why in the name of a merciful Heaven give them the opportunity to maim and wound and disfigure themselves, perhaps to blow themselves to pieces and to break our hearts? Look at that picture, "The Morning After!" It must move a heart of stone to tears. Think of what those other pictures signify of fair young lives thrown away or needlessly injured, and do your part, dear reader, to end the wretched, irrational business. F. H. R.

#### SKAGIT COUNTY ORGANIZED

The Skagit County Humane Society has recently been organized with headquarters at Anacortes, Washington. This is the first anticyruly society in that county, writes Miss May Krueger, who was instrumental in its formation.

#### BOOKS AT HALF PRICE

We offer these four books, bound in heavy paper, printed from clear type on pages seven by five inches:

**BLACK BEAUTY** (246 pages) with ten full-page illustrations

**FOR PITY'S SAKE** (191 pages) illustrated  
**OUR GOLD MINE AT HOLLYHURST** (154 pages)

**THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S** (91 pages) at two and one-half cents per copy, in any quantity, to be shipped by express or freight. The books are too heavy to be sent by mail in large quantities, but we will send one set of samples of all four upon receipt of fifteen cents. Address, Secretary,

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY,  
45 Milk Street, Boston.

#### AMERICAN MEAT

This is the title of a book very recently from the press, and written by Albert Leffingwell, M. D. Did we not know Dr. Leffingwell, through an acquaintance in humane work of nearly twenty years, to be one of the most painstaking investigators, thoroughly equipped scientifically for the task he has undertaken, and extremely guarded in his utterances, we should find it difficult to believe the story he tells. On the one hand is the word that has gone out from the U. S. government authorities, that when one sees the federal stamp upon meat or a meat-food product, he may "know the meat is from healthy animals" and that the stamp is actually what it should be, "a guaranty by the United States of the healthfulness, wholesomeness and purity of the product." On the other hand is evidence presented by Dr. Leffingwell that the government inspection by no means insures us from eating the meat of diseased animals—animals suffering from such loathsome afflictions as malignant tumors, tuberculosis and actinomycosis, or "lumpy jaw." What is the bearing of this on the question of public health? That is the inquiry of the book.

That the public believes that diseased animals are condemned by the inspectors acting under federal direction no one will deny. When therefore we learn that in a large number of cases only those parts of the carcasses are condemned which are directly involved, while the remainder of the animal is passed as "wholesome, sound, healthful, and fit for human food," we are naturally amazed. Yet how is it possible to escape the conclusion that such practices are permitted? Before us, as we write, are two documents, issued by the government at Washington. One of these is the official "Regulations Governing Meat Inspection" now in force. Herein we find Regulation 13, Section 23 to read "*Any organ or part* of a carcass which is badly bruised, or which is affected by *tumors*—malignant or benign—abscesses, suppurating sores, or liver flukes, shall be condemned; but when the lesions are so extensive as to affect the whole carcass, the whole carcass shall be condemned."

The other document gives a statement of the diseases on account of which the slaughtered animals were wholly or "partly" condemned during the fiscal year 1908. For tuberculosis, the "parts" of swine condemned numbered over half a million. Of cattle, we find that only 116 animals were wholly rejected on account of "tumors and abscesses," while the number of "parts" rejected numbered 4,357!

There may be people who would like to eat a steak cut from the carcass of an animal suffering from cancer, or some other dread disease, so long as only an organ or a part of the animal had apparently become involved at the time of slaughter, but we very much doubt if the meat packers would choose such food for their own tables. Pork from swine afflicted with hog-cholera we can scarcely imagine a sane man buying for his family, yet, according to paragraph 2, Section 10, of the present regulations, "provided the carcasses are well nourished, showing slight and limited lesions of these diseases, they may be passed." To what extent did the meat packers avail themselves of this privilege? On this matter, the government report is silent. We are told merely that over 27,000 animals were wholly condemned. There is no record of those which were "passed."

One cannot read this book with its facts and figures staring him in the face and not become perfectly aware that what Dr. Leffingwell calls the Meat Trust is "blind to every consideration for public health," and, "in its relations to human life and welfare, is incomparably the worst of all the combinations which have aimed at the complete control of any branch of American production and industry."

The book is published both in this country

and in England. It can be had of Theo. E. Schulte, 132 East 23d street, New York. Read it. It may go far to rouse you to a consciousness of the peril that lurks in even government inspected meat. You may come to wonder if many a disease now destroying men and women and children has not its source here in what we have been falsely led to believe was guaranteed wholesome food by the official stamp of the government. Here in Boston many of us have learned the worthlessness of a local inspector's stamp upon some of the meat offered for sale in our markets.

Dr. Leffingwell, long an active worker in the humane cause both in America and Europe, touches, here and there, upon the cruelties that accompany the transportation and killing of the animals that furnish our meat supply.

F. H. R.



#### HOW TO STUDY BIRDS, Herbert K. Job.

As a handbook for beginners in the study of birds, Mr. Job's recent work supplies all that is needed. Its purpose is to start the student aright and to encourage and guide him in the way he should go. "The awakening of interest in the birds," he explains, "is a gradual process. If one can persevere through the early stages, there is perennial enjoyment ahead."

Directions are given to the bird hunters who secure their game by the aid of the camera, as to the use and advantages of various kinds of cameras with which they may arm themselves for the ever-fascinating but bloodless sport.

There is the keenest pleasure and excitement, too, we are told, for the student when at the spring migration in the midst of nature's awakening he is kept busy observing and recording the arrival of the various species, eager to be the first to see and announce.

In "Nesting Time" come opportunities for many meetings with the same birds. These are the halcyon days for close study. New discoveries come steadily and the fund of bird-lore increases fast. How the birds build; how they live; how they raise their young; all these things may be learned when one becomes sufficiently practiced in the art of nest-finding.

Under the title, "Learning Bird Songs and Notes" our author tells of the wonderful chorus, the symphony orchestra of nature, and how this sweetest of all music may be studied and better appreciated.

The value of bird study in the public schools and the growing tendency to establish it as a regular course in the curriculum is emphasized in the final chapter. "We may say of the scientific study of the birds of North America," concludes Mr. Job, "that the nineteenth century discovered them and that it will be the work of the twentieth to advance our knowledge of their habits and economic value."

The volume is handsomely illustrated with photographs from life by the author.

272 pp. \$1.50. Outing Publishing Co., New York.

#### KITTY KAT KIMMIE, S. Louise Patterson.

The varied experiences in the life of a well-kept cat are entertainingly related in this attractive volume by the author of "Pussy Meow." Kimmie tells her own story and what makes it of interest lies chiefly in the fact that hers is a continuously happy existence. Food and friends in plenty, the comforts of a good home, a numerous kitten-family,—such things as make happy the heart of any cat. There are many annoyances, however, for even pet cats. The troubles of housecleaning days and that day which brings misery to all animals with its din and dangers,—July 4,—are described in separate chapters.

The book is adapted to young readers and to those for whom feline nature and characteristics always afford an agreeable study. There are numerous illustrations by the author, representing Kim and her friends in many different attitudes.

211 pp. \$1.25. Geo. W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia.



Founders of American Band of Mercy  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.  
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

#### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month two hundred and fifty-five new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-seven thousand, one hundred and ninety-three, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.

2. Annual Report of our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

3. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb."

4. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.

5. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."

6. The "Humane Manual," and "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," used on Humane Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.

7. "Humane Education Leaflets," containing pictures and selected stories and poems.

8. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

#### Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")

2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

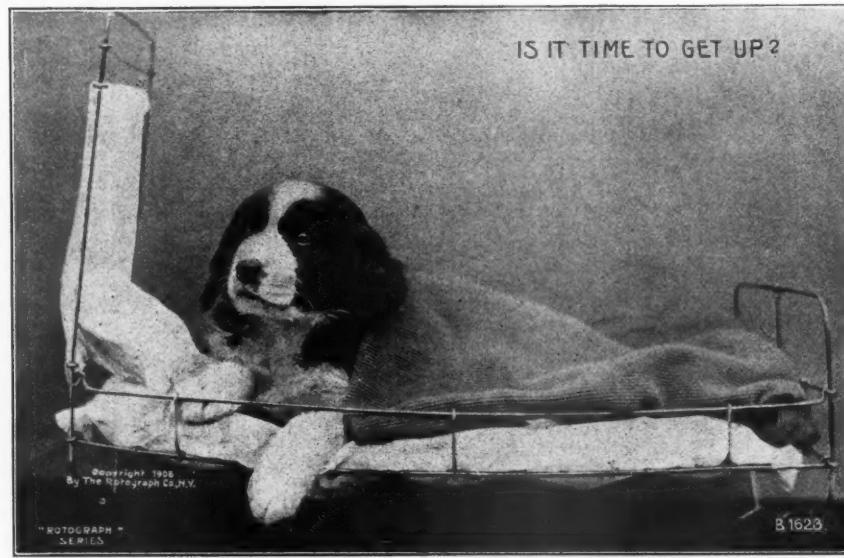
7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



#### BAND OF MERCY BADGES

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border. We sell the large size for two cents each and the small size for one cent each, postpaid, in quantities of five or more.

See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.



By Special Permission of The Rotograph Company, New York.

#### For Our Dumb Animals

##### "PUNKEY-POD"

AM very fond of animals, and have had many pets of different kinds, one of which was a large toad that I called "Punkey-Pod." He made his home under the steps of our house. The first time that I noticed him was one summer evening. He was in the flower bed eating an angle worm, a process in which I was very much interested. He took the worm in his two front feet as a small child would take a stick of candy, and slowly sucked it down. I took a stick and scratched his back which he seemed to enjoy very much.

The next evening I noticed that Punkey-Pod was in the garden eating bugs and worms as on the previous night. I again scratched his back and talked to him and found him worms. Each succeeding evening Punkey-Pod would appear in the garden, and I would pet him as on the first night. One evening I did not go down to the garden, and as I sat on the porch in the soft twilight I heard something squeaking in the garden and presently Punkey-Pod came hopping up the walk and steps where I sat. After that if I did not go into the garden Punkey-Pod would come to me.

One night we had some guests at our house, one of whom was a very talented musician. She was playing the beautiful "Moonlight" sonata, when who should hop politely through the open door but Punkey-Pod. He did not stop until he came to the piano, and there he sat as still as though he were only a stuffed toad. After the last strains of the beautiful music had died away my friend played a popular two-step. In an instant Punkey-Pod turned and hopped as fast as a toad of his size could hop, out of the room and into the garden. I often tried this experiment with my pet and it always proved the same. This showed that the toad certainly must have had a comprehension of classic music.

He soon became a great favorite with every one. The children would stop on their way from school to see my pet toad, and every morning before the sun was hardly up you could hear my father calling: "Here, Punkey! here, Punkey! Punkey!" and he would not have to wait long before he was answered by a squeak and Punkey would come to get the bits of bread and cake that father would give him.

All through the summer he stayed with us, and though many other toads came and lived

under our steps we could always distinguish "our Punkey" as he was called by the family, by his familiar little squeak and his immense size. I feared that when winter came he would leave us and not return in the spring, but when the warm days of May came Punkey-Pod came with them, and he was just as much of a pet as ever.

But alas! one day as I was going down the road I found my poor Punkey dead and mangled where a huge motor had run over him. Assisted by a playmate I lifted him tenderly and carried him to the bed of fragrant violets where we placed him in a little box lined with the first delicate ferns of spring and the sweet trailing arbutus. Thus we buried Punkey-Pod, laying him under the sweet blue violets where he had lived so long and where I found my pet.

FRANCES M. CARROLL,  
Cornplanter, Pa.

If you sit down at set of sun,  
And count the acts that you have done  
And counting find  
One self-denying act, one word,  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went;  
Then you may count that day well spent.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

#### MATTAPOISETT "JOHN"



I am sure the young readers of *Our Dumb Animals* would like to hear about a Mattapoisett cat which answers to the name of "John."

He has pure white fur, and dark blue eyes which are very rare in a Persian cat.

He is very intelligent; will jump through a hoop, shake hands, roll over, sit up on his hind legs, and even sit up in a high chair at the table with a bib around his neck.

He is very fond of children and always ready for a frolic even though he is six years of age. People often come to see him.

ETHEL E. WESTGATE,  
East Mattapoisett, Mass.

# Our Dumb Animals

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

<b>New Bands of Mercy</b>	76745 Div. 2	76786 Kind Deeds	76825 Div. 20	76868 Div. 4
With Names of Presidents	Nellie J. Hartley	Stella H. Robblee	A. M. Cody	Edith M. Peck
Providence, R. I.	76746 Div. 3	76787 Kind Thoughts	76826 Div. 21	76869 Div. 5
Mary E. M. Hughes	Helen E. Essex	Anna C. Geary	M. B. Kennedy	Ruth Norton
76708 Div. 8	76747 Div. 4	Howard, R. I.	Gage St. School	76870 Div. 6
Violet M. Leonard	Sarah L. Norton	Oaklawn School	76827 Div. 1	Leona M. Hilton
76709 Div. 9	Courtland St. Primary Sch.	76788 Div. 1	N. A. Starkey	76871 Div. 7
S. I. Shapiro	Little Helpers	Agnes C. Smith	76828 Div. 2	Alice F. Johnson
76710 Div. 10	76748 Div. 1	Agnes B. MacNaughton	Annie Brown	76872 Div. 8
Sarah A. Ide	76749 Div. 2	St. Andrew, Fla.	J. E. Maloney	Mary Chandler
Putnam St. Prim. School	Margaret E. Tally	76790 St. Andrew	76830 Div. 4	Lucy E. Warner
Protectors of the Helpless	76750 Div. 3	Mattie Forester	M. J. O'Connor	Buckland, Mass.
76712 Div. 1	Helen S. Jenks	Akron, Ohio	76831 Div. 5	Buckland Schools
Elizabeth Holt	76751 Div. 4	76791 Sunshine	K. G. Shea	76874 Div. 1
76713 Div. 2	Bessie I. Rogers	Rose Morris	76832 Div. 6	Genevieve Sykes
Agnes R. Crofwell	Doyle Ave. Gram. School	College View, Neb.	J. A. Casey	76875 Div. 2
76714 Div. 3	76752 Ross Bonheur	76792 Normal School	76833 Div. 7	Alta J. Carpenter
Eleanor B. Smith	Catherine D. Pike	Edna Schee	E. M. Starkey	76876 Div. 3
76715 Div. 4	76753 Thoughtful Workers	Marietta, Ohio	76834 Div. 8	Mabel S. Ware
Mary C. Kennedy	Frances H. Fowler	76793 Pioneer	M. E. Donohoe	76877 Div. 4
76716 Div. 5	76754 Lincoln Band	Blanche Hoff	76835 Div. 9	Grace V. Roland
Susan R. Waters	Elizabeth L. Forbes	Cu Bank, Mon.	M. E. McManus	76878 Div. 5
76717 Div. 6	76755 Vigilant	76794 Cut Bank School	76836 Div. 10	Flora E. Howes
Mabel L. Fenner	S. Amelia Glaser	Mary E. Hay	C. T. Traynor	76879 Div. 6
76718 Div. 7	76756 Protectors of the Helpless	Laconia, N. H.	76837 Div. 11	Daisy L. Call
Hattie J. Mann	Minnie E. Niles	76795 White Star	M. G. Coffey	76880 Div. 7
76719 Div. 8	76757 Lookout	Robert Mayo	76838 Div. 12	Laura E. Braley
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Wimifred M. Rice	76768 Loyal Workers	76805 Star of Hope	J. A. Whitman	Ella J. Temple
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## ONLY A CAT

**A**POOR sick old cat, covered with sores, doubtless chased away from home by master or mistress, had made for himself a temporary lodgment on the sidewalk in front of our house, where the November sun could still give him a little warmth. It is the practice of certain people whose pity and compassion are expended mostly upon themselves, to send away as far as possible such pets as they neither value nor wish to see suffer, so as to get them "lost"!

All day this poor old fellow crouched in the embrasure of one of the windows, with such a sad and humble air! He was an object of aversion to all who passed by; was threatened by children, by dogs, by continual dangers of all kinds; he grew sicker and sicker as hours passed on; he was living on whatever fragments could be gathered from the gutters. But he still made a single-handed fight for existence; prolonged his life as well as he could; and strove with all his strength to postpone the death that was inevitable.

His poor sore-eaten head had scarcely a hair left upon it; but his eyes, still handsome, seemed to be in deep thought. Perhaps he felt, amid all his sufferings, this one most: that he was able no longer to make his toilet—to smooth his fur—to groom himself, as all cats love to do.

It pained me so to see this poor cat in his desolation that, after having sent him something to eat, I approached him one day, speaking softly to him. (The lower animals learn very easily to understand kind words, and to get comfort out of them.)

From having been kicked and chased about so much, he at first showed fear at seeing me stop in front of him; his first glance was mistrustful, full of reproach and entreaty; as if to say: "Would you also send me away from this last bit of sun?"

Then, comprehending all at once that my visit was one of sympathy, and surprised at such an unusual and happy event, he addressed me, in a very low tone, with his little cat-response: "Tr! Tr! Tr!" He lifted himself politely, and tried, notwithstanding his ailments, to present his back to be petted.

No, my poor fellow!—not even from me, your only friend in the world, can you expect this now! You will perhaps never again know the joy of being caressed. But instead, I feel that I must give you a merciful death, by my own tender hand; quickly, and in as easy a manner as possible.

An hour later, the poor beast found himself in the stable; where my servant Sylvester, who meanwhile had gone to buy some chloroform, had arranged him comfortably. The cat had decided to lie on some warm hay at the bottom of a wicker-basket, which was destined to become his death-chamber.

Our preparations did not disquiet him; we had rolled a card into the form of a cone, as we had seen surgeons do in an ambulance; and the cat looked at us with a happy and complacent air, thinking that he had at last found a home, and people who had compassion; a new master, who would receive him hospitably and treat him kindly.

Meanwhile I had stooped to caress him, notwithstanding the fear of disease—having already taken from the hand of Sylvester the cone of card, full of the death-liquid. In petting him, I tried continually to keep him at ease, and to bring nearer and nearer his nose to the card; he, a little surprised meanwhile, sniffing with a vague fright this unwanted odor. But at last he allowed it to come nearer and nearer to him, with such pathetic submission that I hesitated to continue my work!

The destruction of a beast, as well as that of a man, has in it something that puzzles and confuses us; when one reflects upon it, it is always the same repellent mystery.

At this moment, I seemed to myself to be some dark magician, claiming to himself the right of bearing to a suffering creature that



"I DIDN'T MEAN TO"

which I believed to be the greatest relief: the right to open, to some one who had not yet asked it, the doors of the great illimitable Night!

Once he raised his poor half-lifeless head, to look fixedly at me. Our eyes met; his own, interrogative, expressive, with extreme intensity demanded of me:

"What are you doing with me? You, to whom I trusted myself, although I knew so little of you—what are you doing to me?"

I hoped that he would not look at me again.

But after all, one last time!—the cats, as is said, have the soul pinned to the body! In a last flash of life, he fixed me anew, in the midst of his half-death sleep; he seemed all at once to have understood.

"Then this was to kill me, after all? And I allowed it? Well, it is too late now to resist; I will sleep."

See! his gaze, infinitely sad, continued to follow me, as if with this reproof:

"Why were you in a hurry for me to meet my fate? If it had not been for you, I would have been able to drag out life a little longer; to have still had certain little thoughts, cares, and fancies, of my own, at least for a week. I had at least strength enough left to spring to the sills of the windows, where the dogs would not trouble me too much, where I would not be too cold; in the morning, especially, when the sun shone there, I could have passed a few hours quite comfortably; I could have looked around me and seen life; I could have interested myself in the goings and comings of other cats; instead of which I am about to be dissolved into I know not what; but at present *I will be no more.*"

I remember that the most wretched love dearly to preserve life by every means, up to the most miserable limits, preferring anything in the world no matter what—to the terror of being nothing—or *not being*.

When I came back at night to see him, I found him stiff and cold, in the same position that I had left him sleeping.

PIERRE LOTI.

"I hope I shall meet that cat in heaven," Ruskin is said to have exclaimed, after reading the account of a mother cat who rushed through fierce flames and stifling smoke to save her kittens, three of which she rescued, perishing, however, in her attempt to save the fourth.

When you move for the summer, don't forget your cat.

## THE LITTLE BLACK CAT

Dear little cat with yellow eyes  
That cocked her head and looked so wise!  
What if her fur had turned to brown?—  
She was the oldest cat in town.

From fond friends do you turn away  
Because they're wrinkled, old, or gray?  
Rather dingy she looked, 'tis true,  
But what are *looks* when one can *do*?

A huntress she, of ancient fame,  
Who never failed to "bag" her game.

And oft her game, to our surprise,  
Was of a most prodigious size;  
And such great distance did she roam.  
She scarce had strength to drag it home.

Year after year she chose her nest—  
A place that kittens like the best—

In the big barn's sweet-scented hay,  
The very nicest place to play.

But when the earth was white with snow  
And wintry winds began to blow,

Beside the stove she sat and purred;  
So eager for a look or word.

Ah, little cat we loved so well!

Strange are the stories Time can tell!  
How long ago now seems the day

Since from our home you went away!

Yes, little cat, and others too,

Have gone, and not returned, like you:

No voices answer to my call;

No flowers bloom beside the wall;

The birds from their high homes have flown—

Bereaved, bare branches wail and moan,

And murmur'ring Nature's mournful tone

Says to my soul that I'm alone.

MARGUERITE BORDEN

in *Granite Monthly*.

## CAT'S CRIES BRING RESCUER

The police and fire departments of Middletown, New York, were called out to save the life of a cat, says a recent press dispatch. The cat was found clinging to a network of vines on the front of the steeple of the First Presbyterian church, fifty feet from the ground. Pursued by a dog the cat had climbed up the vines and was unable to get down. Its cries of distress were heard all night and in the morning a large crowd gathered about the church and tried to entice the cat to the ground. Every plan failed and the police were notified.

They called out Excelsior Hook and Ladder Company, whereupon a fireman at once volunteered to save the cat and with much difficulty succeeded in doing so.

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Yet do thy work; it shall succeed

In thine or in another's day;

And if denied the victor's meed

Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

WHITTIER.

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